

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

A LETTER FROM HELEN.

"I don't think I will feel well enough today to go to Ruth's," I answered Alice, "and besides Charlie Goodwin is coming over to talk business with me before he goes down to the oil fields."

A shade passed over Alice's face. I knew that she was thinking that perhaps it might have been better after all had I given my business interests over to John. And yet she must have known just as well as I just what I had gone through about money ever since I had been married. She herself had told me that if John was given charge of my business I would not have the slightest thing to say about its management, and I knew in my inmost heart that neither would I have any income from it that I could call my own. That John would go on in the same old way, thinking because he had given me charge accounts at different stores and was paying my bills, he was doing all that could be expected of him, and all that I should desire was as patient to her as it was to me. The only way that I could be financially independent and happy was to keep my inheritance in my own hands.

Recognizes the Writing.

Alice walked away and left me alone, and I turned my attention again to my letters. I found one from Helen. I had recognized her writing before I had opened it. Now I dreaded to open the envelope, which I had before laid aside to read with pleasure. However, she evidently knew nothing about what was worrying Bobby, but she also had heard that Ruth was in the same town with me, and she asked me to visit her and see if I could persuade Ruth to let at least one of the children come to them for a little while.

"I never thought that I should want children, Katherine, especially the children of any other woman. Before we were married I seemed to be absolutely sufficient to Bobby, and I think I was, but after marriage, dear, so many other things come in. I know that Bobby has many other interests in his life besides me, and I have no other interests in life besides him. It isn't a good thing, Katherine. No woman should bind her entire life, her entire thoughts, her entire activities up in one man. I do not believe that even he is happier for it. It must surely bore him at times. Who was it that said, 'There is one who loves and one who is loved.' By this I do not mean to intimate that Bobby does not love me. I just mean to say that I love him more, or at least more singly, than he loves me. It will be purgatory to me to have one of Ruth's chil-

dren here, and I am sure you will understand when I tell you this, but I think it would make Bobby happier—at least, he will have answered his problem of the children one way or the other after he has seen them daily in the house for a while. I think now he idealizes the children, and he feels that perhaps he has done them a great wrong. I was almost sure that Ruth would not allow one of the children to go to her former husband and his present wife, and I did not know how I was going to broach the subject to her."

Charlie Knocks at Door.

I was rather relieved when a knock came at the door and Charlie asked if he might come in.

"Surely," I answered. "I have been looking for you all morning."

"Well, you see I had many things to do, Katherine. Are you still sure that you want me to go to the oil fields for you. I don't know very much about the oil business and I may make some mistakes. If I do, your husband will never forgive me."

"He doesn't know any more about it than you," was my comment, and I presume he is just as liable to make mistakes any other man."

"Katherine," he said suddenly, "are you very unhappy in your married life? Wait!" he said as I started to speak, "don't answer me until I have finished. Do you know that you have changed greatly since you have married. You used to be the happiest appearing girl I knew. Always smiling, always laughing, and now it seems to me I have not seen you smile since you were married."

"But, Charlie," I protested, "you must remember that you have only seen me under very trying circumstances. The first time I came home it was to bury my father, and this time you know the great loss I have sustained in my dear mother's death."

"I know, I know," answered Charlie, "but I also know that you have a hunted look in your eyes, and there are deep little furrows at the corners of your mouth, which tell me of heart pain. If I thought you were not happy I would be tempted to go and punch the face of that handsome husband of yours. I did not like the way he talked to you the other day at the reading of the will."

"Charles, you must not talk to me this way. I cannot allow it."

"All right, my dear. Just assure me that you are perfectly happy and I will never speak of it again."

I looked into his face bravely. I tried to speak, but, alas, I could not say the word.

Tomorrow—A Talk With Charles.



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Wings of the morning!

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San Francisco

Dorothy Dix Talks

PARASITIC SONS

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

Among my acquaintances is a family which consists of a mother and her three daughters and one son. The girls are all in business and every Saturday night turn in their unopened pay envelopes to their mother. That supports the family. There is no other income.

The son, a big husky young fellow with plenty of intelligence, who is ten times as able to work as his sisters and who could earn twice or three times what either one of them does, works only when the spirit moves him. Which is seldom.

He doesn't have to work. He doesn't really need to because whether he works or not, he is sure of three good meals a day, better than his sisters get for mother saves up the tidbits for him; a good place to sleep and a little pocket money for which he can always stand mother up.

The sisters are naturally very much outraged at this state of affairs, but when they protest against it, and tell their mother that they do not feel called upon to support a lazy loafer, even if he is their brother, the mother turns upon them in fury and demands to know what sort of story hearts they have that they begrudge their poor brother a bite of food and a place to lay his head. Then she weeps and says that she will never turn her own son out of her house and shut the door in his face; that as long as she has a crust she will divide with him, and give him her last penny.

So the scene ends, and when the parasitic son comes in, Mother cooks him up something extra to make up for the way his mean sisters treat him in not being willing to support him. Then she gives him the last of the housekeeping money, and runs an account with the grocer which the girls have to pay in the end.

"And what are we going to do about it?" inquires the girls. "We love our mother and hate to hurt her, but we feel that it is neither right nor just for three frail, delicate women to have to support an able-bodied man, and be able to lay nothing for the future because all of their excess earnings go to pay for his excess laziness."

Of course it is neither just nor right either to the girls, or to the boy for that matter, for their mother to take their money to keep him in idleness, but how anybody is going to get justice out of a woman where her idolized son is concerned, is a problem far beyond my poor ability to solve. Biologists tell us that mothers can not help loving their sons better than their daughters and having a different feeling towards them. It has something to do with a boy inheriting more from his mother than his father. Anyway, they say that it is a fixed law of nature, and the mothers can not help it, poor things, since loving is not a matter of volition, but of some mysterious attraction that we can neither understand nor explain.

Perhaps this accounts for the case cited above, and a hundred similar ones that each of us can recall, in which a mother who was a good woman, and really loved her daughters, dearly, nevertheless sacrificed them without a pang of compunction to their brothers.

Did you ever know of a widow with money whose boys did not get the bulk of the fortune? Isn't it the boys who go off to college buy cars, while the girls stay at home and economize because mother can not deny her darling sons anything but she can say "no" fast enough to the daughters. Haven't you known a mother to rob even an invalid daughter of the last

cent of her inheritance to pay a scrape—grace son out of trouble? You have often.

The mothers of working girls, one who would think, would be peculiarly tender to them, for the girl who toils all day long and then have every cent of her earnings in her mother's lap is making the most marvelous and beautiful offering ever laid on the altar of filial devotion. She is giving her life, her youth, her beauty, all the playtime and joytime of existence to keeping soft, warm, and comfortable the mother who bore her.

Surely you would think that a sacred trust, but it is not sacred to mothers if her boys unprincipally enough to want it. She hands it over to them without a murmur. What are the girls' weariness to her if they can pay for the boys' good time? What are the odds if the girls are killing themselves earning money behind stuffy counters, or in dark offices, if the boys are fed with it, and can take life easily?

Of course Mother doesn't put it this way to herself. She says the boys are hungry and must be fed. They need money and must have it. But the bald truth is, she is willing to sacrifice the girls if necessary for the boys' comfort, for that is the result of her taking her daughters' earnings to support worthless sons in their loafing.

It is a pity that mothers cannot realize that if they let their sons graft on their sisters, they are doing the boys a far greater wrong than they are doing the girls. There is one thing that no manhood survives, and that is parasitism on a woman. A man may climb up from any other pit, but whenever he sits down idly and lets some workman work to feed and clothe him he has descended to the last depth of degradation, and there is no hope of his ever being rescued.

It is for a mother who has a son to see that he is saved from being this parasite weakling by raising him up to feel that he must take care of his sisters, not that they must support him. And if he is cursed by lack of energy, and a yearning for self-indulgence, she should force him to depend on himself by refusing to shelter and feed him. For even the laziest will work rather than starve.

As for a mother taking her daughters' money to give to a parasitic son, it is a dishonest thing to do. The thin pay envelope of the working girl is a trust of honor that mothers should improve under the treatment.

Dorothy Dix's articles will appear in this paper every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Castle Gate Miner Is Dead at Hospital

Santo Biagge, a coal miner of Castle Gate died at a local hospital Monday of pneumonia. He was 48 years old.

Twelve days ago he was brought to Ogden from Castle Gate but failed to improve under the treatment.

He leaves a widow and six children. The body was sent yesterday by Kirkendall's to Helper, where burial will take place.

The ancient name of Egypt was Kem, signifying "black land" from the color of the soil.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

In the kitchen of her own home, Sister Mary cooks daily for a family of four adults. She brought to her kitchen an understanding of the chemistry of cooking, gained from study of domestic science in a state university. Consequently the advice she offers is a happy combination of theory and practice. Every recipe she gives is her own, first tried out and served at her family table.

(Copyright 1920, N. E. A.)

Before making up a cotton dress it's a simple matter to shrink the material and set the color both at the same time. Common table salt dissolved in cold water is quite capable of setting the color in gingham or chambray or voile or any wash fabric. About a cupful of salt dissolved in enough water to thoroughly wet and cover the goods is the proportion to use. Let the cloth stand in the solution for several hours. Write carefully to avoid wrinkles and dry in the shade.

This process at the same time shrinks the material. If the dress patterns is kept in folds it will be much easier to handle.

MENU FOR TOMORROW.

Breakfast—Broiled bacon, creamed potatoes, toast, rhubarb sauce, coffee. Luncheon—Baked spinach, brown bread and butter, plain cookies, tea. Dinner—Pot roast of beef, boiled potatoes, string beans, lettuce and radish salad, whipped fruit jelly, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

Spinach is one of the best spring vegetables we have. If possible it should be served in some form nearly every day. Of course one soon gets tired of the same thing, so it's up to the cook to invent different ways to serve this important food.

BAKED SPINACH.

2 pounds spinach.
2 hard-boiled eggs.
3/4 cup grated cheese.
3 eggs.
4 tablespoons milk.
2 tablespoons butter.
1/4 teaspoon mustard.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
Paprika.
Wash spinach and cook in its own juice till tender. Drain and chop. Mash yolks of hard-boiled eggs and mix thoroughly with spinach, seasoning with salt and pepper. Line a deep buttered baking dish with the spinach

Dot with bits of butter. Beat eggs slightly, add milk, cheese, chopped hard-boiled egg whites, mustard, salt, and paprika. Pour into spinach mold and make in a moderate oven about 20 minutes till the custard sets.

WHIPPED FRUIT JELLY.
1 package prepared gelatin (any flavor)
2 bananas
1 orange
1/2 cup strawberries
1 egg
1/2 cup powdered sugar.
2 tablespoons granulated sugar.
1 teaspoon flour
1 1/4 cups milk.
1/4 teaspoon salt.
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Follow directions on package for preparing jelly. When cool, but before the liquid begins to set, beat with a Dover egg beater. Beat the white of the egg till stiff and dry and beat in powdered sugar. Beat this into the jelly. The jelly should be starting to solidify. Add the fruit cut in pieces. Make a boiled custard with the yolk of the egg mixed with sugar, salt, flour dissolved in scalded milk and cooked over hot water till thick. Cook and flavor with vanilla. It will take the jelly 6 to 7 hours to become firm. Serve on plates with the custard.

Don't sound reasonable when the financiers say the H. C. L. is due to too much money.

MARY.

Service Star Legion Film Shown at Utah

"The Right of Way" is being shown at the Utah theater in co-operation with members of the Ogden Service Star Legion. This is the third picture that the members of the legion have been interested in and a special request has been made to the members of the legion to attend that show. A certain percentage from the proceeds of the play will be added to the funds of the legion chapter.

Two other plays have been conducted by the legion, one at the Alhambra and another one at the Utah theater. The members will conduct one at the Orpheum theater in the near future.

As it Looks to Me

By the Inspector

WASHINGTON, D. C.—May 4.—President Wilson is not able to do more than half hour of intensive work a day. The result is that executive matters are largely at a standstill.

The president has the service of four nurses including one who sits up all night and makes certain that the president does not lack for attention during the sleeping hours. He has given up his automobile rides in the country. Dr. Grayson thought the effort was too much.

The recent attempt at cabinet meetings will not be made a regular order. They were the result of the emergency due to the railroad strike. Members of the cabinet found that the president had to be handled as a sick man and could not be burdened with the detail of routine business.

Practically the only access to the president is through Secretary Tumulty, Dr. Grayson and Mrs. Wilson. The president does not see visitors. He does not communicate directly with individual members of his cabinet. The departments are merely marking time.

President Wilson is not able to see people and therefore cannot get facts at first hand by verbal report. He is unable to study any reports and go over executive documents. He is not

permitted by his doctors to read any large extent foreign and domestic newspapers and weeklies. This accounts for Mr. Wilson's evident lack of touch with current events and current opinion.

It is quite futile to discuss Mr. Wilson as a candidate for renomination. He is not and could not possibly be a candidate. He naturally refrains from announcing to the world that he is out of the political game.

Such an announcement might be interpreted by some as an admission of failing physical powers, but it would be taken by the big politicians as the end of Mr. Wilson's political power and the president has certain influence and naturally wishes to maintain his prestige and power to the end of his term.

Since the Lansing incident, there has been less talk of having Vice President Marshall assume the duties of the office. Politicians are afraid of the interpretation any such steps might receive from the public. They are afraid they might "get themselves in bad" and that the public might rise up in sympathy with the president. The latter would resent any such step and the result would not be trouble split in capital letters. The general sentiment among politicians that the situation will have to be permitted to drift.

NATIONALITY
COSTUME BALL
at the
EIGHTH WARD MEETING
HOUSE
THURSDAY
MAY 6
Lillian Thatcher Orchestra



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